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THE WORK WELL DONE.

It must be a source of satisfaction to the board of public works and the city administration as well that the assessment rolls prepared to cover the cost of the Meade and Huron st. sewers has been a pronounced equitable in a ruling by impartial appraisers on the protests filed by several large property owners.

The decision must likewise be some satisfaction to other property holders in the district since a lessening of the assessments of the protesters would have increased the cost to every one else. For the cost of the improvement is a fixed thing and if one citizen should get off without paying, or by paying less than his share every one else would be taxed more to make up the deficit.

The members of the Studebaker and the Oliver families who filed the protests were well within their rights. They were largely assessed and are doubtless relieved to know that after a fair consideration of the whole proposition, the appraisers have found that the board of public works did not yield to the temptation which is sometimes present, to curry favor with small property holders by "sting-ing" the big fellows. They may feel satisfied that they have been fairly treated.

The assessment district plan is a necessary outgrowth of city life. In early days any improvement to the community such as roadways would be built by the settlers themselves, every one contributing so many days' work. Public sentiment was sufficient to see to it that each did his share.

But the city has outgrown that stage. The people to be benefited by such an improvement as the trunk sewer do not know each other. They can not afford to spare the time from their day's work to give actual labor on the job. There may be owners of unimproved property in the districts who don't care whether the improvement is put in or not.

Under the rule of the majority which is the fundamental thing in our form of government, the improvement must go in if the majority of the people affected want it and are willing to pay for it, though some neither want it nor are willing to pay.

Then comes the delicate matter of deciding who shall pay and how much. This has been worked out on a scientific plan that should allow for no favoritism and should work out with as near absolute justice as possible. The plan is to assess each property owner who is benefited directly in proportion to the value of his property and to the benefit his property receives.

Any property holder who thinks the assessment unfair to him is always at liberty to question the assessment. It is a satisfaction to think that in this case the work has been done well.

EXAMPLE OF TRUE DEMOCRACY.

True American democracy will find its highest exemplification at the grocers' and butchers' picnic today. Its spirit will dominate the sylvan shores of Hudson lake where the hundreds of men, women and children of the allied trades will gather for their annual outing.

There are wholesale grocers and retail grocers, and wholesale butchers and retail butchers, big and little, dealers in groceries and meats, who will ignore the class that business sometimes establishes between merchants in the same lines and meet and mingle on the common ground of a day of relaxation from business cares.

Petty jealousies and animosities, if any exist, will be forgotten, or at least laid aside for the day and the bitterest competitors will lie down together under the shade of umbrageous trees and eat from the same basket. In the unfettered enjoyment of their holiday they will have a new comprehension of the goodness and beauty of brethren living together in unity.

The day is an exemplification of the truth that it is not good for man to live by work alone, that life is something more than a dull round of duties and that the social element in human nature has rights the world is wise to respect. For one day in a year at least the insatiable demands of the public stomach may be forgotten to the advantage of those who feed it.

The grocer and the butcher should be blessed more often than they are anathematized. They serve us the year round to the best of their ability. They are entitled to one day away from the persistent and occasionally impertinent telephone.

A JOURNALISTIC TRANSPARENCY.

We hope Warden Fogarty will read carefully and thoughtfully, if not prayerfully, the long editorial space devoted by the Tribune to wise guidance and counsel for his future conduct. He should appreciate what is voluntarily given him by an avowed enemy in a gush of generous magnanimity.

To receive from such a source explicit directions for the government

of the institution of which he has charge and for the regulation of his personal conduct is a condescension and a favor he could little expect. He is thus, together with the city of South Bend and Wilkes-Barre, Pa., taken under the protecting wing of a newspaper which frequently impulsively rushes in where angels might fear to tread.

Thus we find this self-constituted public monitor giving the republicans and progressives the benefit of its counsel by advising them to forget their animosities and find a common cause against a common enemy on a common ground designated by the Tribune as a citizens' party, despite the position it has taken against politics in municipal elections.

In its enthusiasm over a project which gives a slight color of promise of restoring to its coffin the emoluments of the city printing the Tribune seems to have overlooked the impossibility of operating a party without politics. A party must have principles and policies, however poor they may be, and principles and policies make politics.

The Tribune is deep, very deep, but too utterly transparent to deceive.

LEANING TO ITS FALL.

Reasons for which the administration has not recognized the Huerta government are coming to the surface. Principal among these is the growing impression that the Huerta regime is in process of disintegration.

This impression is based on the failure of the Mexican government to get a loan and the rising tide of insurrection success. Huerta expected to get money from France, but the French financiers have intimated that it will not be convenient for them to advance any money at this time. They give as a reason the necessity of supplying the French government with funds for the improvement of its military service.

The excuse given for not making the loan is regarded as a polite way of avoiding what the French bankers regard as a bad investment. Mexico might offer ample security by agreeing to turn over customs receipts, but this indemnity would be good only in case the Huerta government survives. If that government is overthrown the loan might be repudiated.

Ambassador Wilson will be in Washington tomorrow. His temporary recall is probably a matter of policy rather than of need. The president and secretary of state probably know all he will be able to tell them, except the coloring a personal interview will lend to the facts, but the administration cannot afford to have the country think it is indifferent to the Mexican situation as the opposition would have it believe.

The visit of the ambassador to Mexico is not likely to change the attitude of the administration a hair's breadth, but it will have a quieting effect on the talk that the president is either confused or indifferent as to the situation in Mexico.

THE KITCHEN CURE.

You've no doubt seen the type of girl who sits in the hammock and reads dippy novels while ma washes the dishes or mends daughter's clothes.

Well, there's one family in an eastern city where that won't happen. It's a wealthy family, pa being a lucky manufacturer who got into the tariff trough while the getting was good. They employ three maids. But the other day, as daughter got back home from finishing school, one of the maids gave notice and ma said to the Sweet Girl Graduate:

"Here, my child, is a chance for you. Pa and I have been spending a lot of money to get you educated. The prime purpose of education for a woman is to qualify her to be the administrator of a home. You've had a good training in the theory of house-keeping, but you've not had the chance to put that theory under the test of practice. We can afford to hire a third maid, all right; but we aren't going to. You are to be the new third maid."

And, being a sensible girl, albeit fashionably "finished", daughter saw the point, donned a wrapper, rolled up her sleeves and went to work.

When your daughter gets into the hammock and novel habit, try the kitchen cure. It may be just what she needs to save her immortal soul.

DR. ROBERT HARRIS.

Dr. Robert Harris was a very remarkable man, physically as well as mentally. He not only attained the age of 90 years, but lived them. Mentally and physically he extracted much from life that less active men lose. He never looked old, considering his age, and never was old in the sense that he retained his interest in and his grasp upon the activities of life to the end.

It may be said of Dr. Harris that in the early years of his residence here he was riding the country and enduring hardships for small pay performing his duty as a physician when others were reaping wealth from the

golden opportunities of the time.

The doctor was a lover of the rod and gun and a regular patron of field sports. He loved a good horse and always had one. He was an ardent baseball fan. As a member of the city council he sought to protect the small taxpayer. On the board of health he vigorously fought unsanitary conditions. There were people who thought there was no doctor like Dr. Harris as long as he was able to prescribe for them.

Scarcity of cattle in this country will force the American packers under the new tariff bill to compete with foreign packers in their own countries. South America and Australia will benefit thereby and the cost of meats in this country is expected to be reduced.

The exercise of prudence on the part of pedestrians as well as drivers of automobiles is made apparent by the statistics for June, which show that twelve persons were killed by automobiles in Indiana during that month.

It wouldn't be fair to accept everything Col. Mulhall says as true without hearing the other side, but most of his testimony is so reinforced by written records that it leaves little to say in reply.

Great Britain's prime minister has gone so far as to say that England may force Balkan peace. Stepping a little farther in the scale of declension we aver that England should.

The study of traffic rules should not be confined to drivers of vehicles. Everybody should understand where vehicles are likely to be encountered when crossing a street.

If Mr. Bryan has checkmated a German project to construct a canal across Nicaragua, as seems probable, his title to a niche in the hall of fame will be no longer disputed.

Mr. Watson's success in working both ends against the middle, as described by Col. Mulhall made his public service look like a side line.

Michigan City reformatory had a larger graduating class than usual this year. Warden Fogarty's humane system is bearing good fruit.

Turkey is using the big stick in its efforts to secure a permanent peace. The sultan cannot hope to regain his lost prestige.

With more than 4,000 new babies reported for June Indiana's infant industries seem to be thriving.

Babies have an irresistible attraction for flies.

The rail strike hangs trembling in the balance.

Getting the News

BY FRED C. KELLY.

When Sam Blythe was editor of one of the Buffalo papers, some years ago, a young chap came to him wanting a job. The paper didn't need any more men just then, but to get rid of the young man in pleasant, off-hand fashion, Sam pointed to the headline in an afternoon paper about a beautiful young girl lying unidentified at the morgue.

"Find out who that girl is," suggested Sam, "and I'll take you on."

"Certainly, sir," said the young man. And he started out with the air of one who thought nothing of solving just such mysteries.

The young man took the thing seriously, too. He went to the morgue and asked to see the young woman's effects. There were no marks on her clothes that helped to tell where she hailed from, but she had carried a little purse that contained a rusty trunk key.

The applicant for the newspaper job took this key and went to the railway station, where he persuaded the baggage man to let him try all the trunks until he found one the key would fit. This was slow, tedious work, but the key did finally unlock a small trunk containing a woman's wearing apparel and other articles. From the stuff in the trunk the young man got sufficient clues to telephone to a nearby town and ascertain the girl's name.

So the young man got his job. Today he is a successful playwright. His name is Paul Armstrong.

Arthur B. Krock, the Washington wit, and correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, is another shining example of a newspaperman whose initial adventures were like those of cub reporters in the story books.

Arthur was sited on the police beat with a parting injunction that he was strictly on probation and must make good or be fired very shortly. He was waylaid by a panhandler on the way to the police station. Instead of giving the poor man the paltry dime he asked for, Arthur merely talked to him and asked him how he came to be so far from home without money.

"Why don't you wire home for money?" inquired Krock.

"Ah," grunted the man, "I have no home, and the only man I might wire to probably wouldn't pay any attention to me. He's too busy a man."

"And who is that, pray?" asked Krock.

"Pierpont Morgan," answered the man, and blamed if he didn't pull out a letter purporting to be a letter of recommendation from Pierpont Morgan. The letter said the "bearer had shown himself to be a brave man."

It seemed, according to the man's story, that he had been walking the ties one night, when he found a wash-out in the railroad right of way, and he flagged the next train, which happened to have Pierpont Morgan for a passenger.

True, it was a pretty pipe-dreamy story, but Krock got his office to wire to New York, and the story was verified at Morgan's office. Also, the signature on the letter proved to be genuine. The account of the man starving with a letter of indorsement from Pierpont Morgan in his pocket—that and a facsimile of the letter—formed an important feature in Krock's paper the next morning.

And young Mr. Krock was almost

THE MELTING POT
LACTEAL.
During a situation tense,
The infant's delight was revealed,
As the only drink bar excellence,
Without a spike concealed.
The Teddy cocktail has not arrived,
Yet we have the Teddy bear,
And the only drink bar excellence,
Of a drink without a snare?
D. B. H.
with, 'say, Mammy, who was that
swell guy I seen you with Sunday'?"
Fun.
He's gone! Billy, the evangelist man!
Fife Brothers—Gentry Brothers also
ran!
Without a quiver I turned them
down,
But to Barnum and Bailey's big show
Oh, indeed, I sure did go!
E. G. B.

PHYSICAL evidences of Edwin Poe who have all disappeared since the razing of the building in Richmond, Va., in which he edited the Southern Literary Messenger. It has taken 64 years to wipe them out, much faster than relics of distinguished men pass away in the older and less changeable countries, but quite deliberate for America.

But Poe needs no monument of that kind. While interesting the buildings he frequented are trifles compared with the indestructible material he has left us.

Maybe She Didn't.
Speaking of baseball games, I never saw anything funnier than the stunt pulled off by Honus Wagner at Springfield when he beat out a bunt to first, and through wild pegging to head him off and an unsuccessful attempt to run him down between third and the home plate completed the tour in safety. There was a general uproar of mirth. Some-what recovered from the excitement, I recalled that in bestowing slaps with abandon to the right and left, I received a cushiony sensation on my right hand, different from the impact on the knee of my brother on my left. But, bless you, she never let on—maybe never noticed it. The caramels are on me, subject to call, all right.

IN case of war in China following the secession of Fokien it may be necessary to brush up your Oriental geography, and buy a Chinese pronouncing dictionary. You may also have to look up a new laundryman.

"The girl at the counter had a sweet, intellectual face," writes R. G. D., "and I was imagining all sorts of sentimental things about her when in a voice with a peacock modulation she hailed the girl across the aisle."

C. N. F.

The LOSER
by Berton Braley
A foolish person is the Snob
With silly notions in his knob.
To those who rightly rate him;
He goes and walls himself about
To keep all "common persons" out
Least they contaminate him,
And on a high and lonesome shelf
He proudly immolates himself.
And so, because he will not meet
The common people in the street
Like Tom and Dick and Harry,
He misses all the joy and fun
Of learning how the world is run
And how life's chances vary.
The folks whom he considers "low"
Could teach him much he needs to know.
The common folk don't care at all
How much he hides behind his wall
Nor what retreat he chooses.
If he won't join their way and play
They go serenely on their way
And HE'S the one who loses.
The wise man mixes with the mob.
It takes a fool to be a snob.

Immediately proclaimed a bright young person.

Robert H. Patchin, chief of the Washington bureau of the New York Herald, used to do the white house news for one of the Washington papers in the days before he was as experienced as he is now.

One day a quiet elderly man came out from a brief talk with the president, and Patchin noticed him. Patchin had no way of knowing right offhand who the man was, but he hastened to catch step with him and draw him into conversation.

"Ah, we talked about nothing in particular," said the elderly caller; "I simply happened to be here and called to pay my respects to the president."

"There was no talk of a political nature?" asked Patchin.

"Oh, no."
They kept walking along down the driveway until they reached the white house gate, Patchin wondering all the way who the man might be, and yet not knowing how to ask him without seeming abrupt, for the man seemed to assume that Patchin knew him.

Finally as they were about to separate, Patchin put out his hand and said: "My name's Patchin. You know, I can't just recall your name, mister."

"White," the elderly man told him, modestly. "Andrew D. White."

Then Patchin went and used his head for a battering ram and tried to knock over a couple of trees.

Patchin tells of another funny little caprice of his.

When Wu Ting Fang was the Chinese minister, Patchin's office desired to know China's attitude regarding certain diplomatic affairs which Minister Wu had thus far declined to discuss. Patchin was young and full of enthusiasm, and he suggested a scheme. "I'll write out a cablegram setting forth what might be the facts," said he, "and I'll take it and show it to Wu and make him believe we got it from China. Then he'll think that so long as we know about the thing anyhow, he might as well tell us the whole story, and I'll get a corking interview out of him."

The editor bade Patchin go try it. Armed with his fake cablegram, Patchin went.

Wu listened to Patchin's statement, read the message and then with a

U.S. MILLIONAIRES HOMELESS IN LUNNON!
Out 'in the cold world, out in the street.
Asking night's lodging of each boob I meet.
They auctioned a garret, but I was outbid,
Reg Vanderbilt got it for ten thousand and quid!
—The Wall of a Homeless Millionaire.
How would you like to have a million dollars or so at your beck and call and be homeless in London town? Rich, and nary a pillow to rest your head or a quilt to deaden your snore! Late cable dispatches relate that American tourists are trotting the streets of the roast beef metropolis in a vain search for a room and bath. They don't insist on the bath, but they'd be dead willing to sleep in a bath tub that leaks.
London's hotels and lodging houses are filled to the skylights with blooming Yankee tourists. Never before has the city welcomed more travelers so crowded that American millionaires have to press the paving stones in lieu of a mattress. Besides, who wants to go to bed in Paris? Late Bulletin—The sleep famine has been partly solved by Yankees who are buying front-row seats at all the late English musical comedies. The snoozing is said to be highly satisfactory.
LOS ANGELES.—Chief of Police Sebastian extended an invitation to 250 women social workers to attend a "tea" at the police station July 30 and get first hand knowledge of jail conditions.

THE APACHE OF THE ROAD.
The plains had nothing like him.
And the Paris type is tame.
Compared with the one who rides
Like death.
In the motorcycle game.
FROM now on Huerta should carefully feel of his head every morning before taking up the business of the day, to be sure it is in place. It has occupied its present place between his shoulders really longer than we thought it would.

THE boast of an eastern poet that he is living on 75 cents a day is nothing remarkable when you consider the kind of meat upon which he feeds.

WE view with alarm the statement that we haven't enough torpedoes to fight one round. The Fourth of July took a good many.

STILL, we can't help admiring the temerity of people who undertake to lead a new party with the material on hand.

C. N. F.

THE PATH TO PROFIT
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If you have any doubt about it, let our illuminating engineer place a few
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Indiana & Michigan Electric Co.
220-222 W. COLFAX AV.
T-47

TO THE FARMER BOYS OF ST. JOSEPH COUNTY
A stock and grain judging contest for boys will be held at the state fair ground during the Indiana state fair on Sept. 9. The premiums offered are as follows:
Scholarships in Purdue School of Agriculture.
First, \$100; second, \$75; third, \$50; fourth, \$25.
I have at my office in the St. Joseph county court house, application blanks for any boys between the ages of 16 and 20 who desire to enter this contest.
There are no restrictions other than the contestants must never have been classified in any agricultural school or college nor have received a similar premium in any previous state fair judging contest.
A trip to the state fair is certainly worth while and it is hoped that all boys who expect to attend will enter this contest.
In case the number is sufficient to warrant the use of my time for this purpose, I will accompany the boys and give them my supervision on the trip.
Boys, let me hear from you, and arrange to be at Indianapolis on Sept. 9.
Yours Respectfully,
JOHN S. BORDNER,
County Agr. Agent

POLICEMAN SHOT BY GANG OF CHICAGO BOY THIEVES
CHICAGO, July 23.—Policeman Samuel W. Sowers was shot in the abdomen and fatally wounded by a gang of four youths he caught burglarizing a tea store early Wednesday. Bruno Klonoski, 18, was found hiding under a bed at his sister's home and charged with the shooting. Three other suspects were taken into custody.

FIND MAN HANGING.
JOLIET, Ill., July 23.—Children Wednesday found the body of Louis Scion, a laborer, hanging to a tree near the Silver Cross hospital. Scion had been despondent because of ill health.

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